

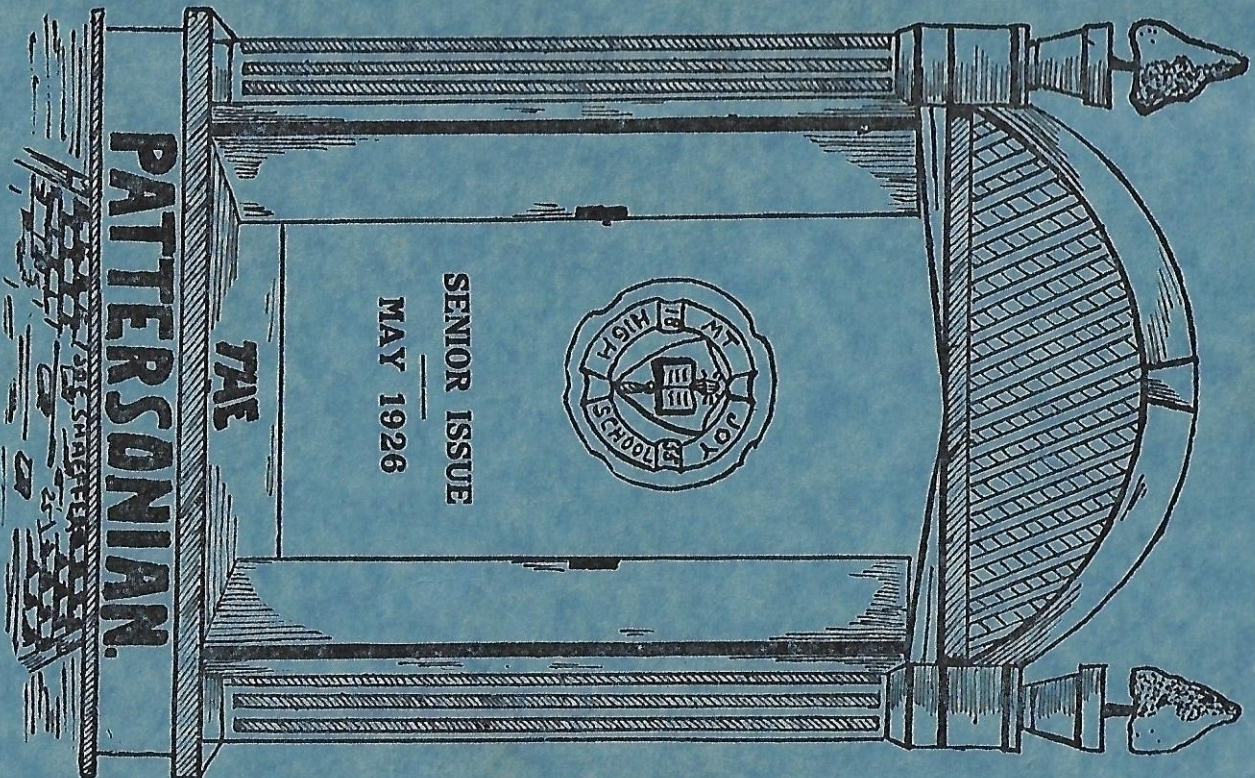


SENIOR ISSUE

MAY 1926

THE

PATTERSONIAN.



Lincoln *Ford* Fordson
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

CARS - TRUCKS - TRACTORS
"SINCERE EFFICIENT SERVICE"

GARBER'S GARAGE

Bell Phone 77

Elizabethtown, Pa.

BACHMAN

"The Finest Chocolate in the World"

PRINTING

THAT'S OUR BUSINESS

Books, School and College
Publications, Etc. Our
Hobby

The Pattersonian is a Sample

THE BULLETIN

Why worry about the
drudgery of Baking when
you can get

HOME-LIKE
BAKED
PRODUCTS

—at—

**FREYMEYER'S
BAKERY**

Elizabethtown, Pa.

Bell Phone

Give Us a Call

The _____
PATTERSONIAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF
THE MOUNT JOY HIGH SCHOOL

Entered as second-class matter October 22, 1912, at the post office at Mt.
Joy, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1870

VOLUME 14	MAY	NUMBER 18
------------------	------------	------------------

Ten Cents the Copy	Seventy-five Cents a Year	
---------------------------	----------------------------------	--

PATTERSONIAN STAFF

Current Editors

Editor-in-Chief	Lillian K. Backenstoe '27
Associate Editor	Alice Longenecker '27
Literary Editor	Anna Weber '28
Assistant	Beatrice Craley '29
Current Events	Rachael Hoffer '27
Exchanges	Dorothy Boyce '28
Odds and Ends	Paul Hershey '27
Assistant	Robert Schroll '28
Athletics, Boys	Paris Sweigart '27
Girls'	Anna Hinkle '28

Class Notes

Senior	Lydia Shank '26
Junior	Anna Mumma '27
Sophomore	Edna Charles '28
Freshman	Helen Schule '29

Business Managers

General Business Manager	Robert Heilig '27
Assistant ..	Caroline Schatz '28
Circulation Manager	Lillian Good '28

CONTENTS

Memories	4
----------------	---

ERITORIAL

Our Last Days	5
Silence is the Art of all Con- versation	6
Appreciation	6
Our Wild Flowers	7

LITERARY

To My Classmates	8
Class Prophecy	9
Last Will and Testament	11
Class Song	12
Class Poem	13
Polly	14
Who's Who	17

BOOK REVIEWS

A Man for the Ages	20
The Venetian Glass Nephew ..	21

Photographs	22
-------------------	----

CLASS NOTES

Senior	24
Junior	24
Sophomore	25
Freshman	26

Current Events	27
----------------------	----

Exchanges	28
-----------------	----

ATHLETICS

Boys'	30
Girls'	32

Odds and Ends	34
---------------------	----

The
PATTERSONIAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE STUDENTS OF
THE MOUNT JOY HIGH SCHOOL

Entered as second-class matter October 22, 1912, at the post office at Mt.
Joy, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879

VOLUME 14 MAY NUMBER 18

Ten Cents the Copy Seventy-five Cents a Year

PATTERSONIAN STAFF

Current Editors

Editor-in-ChiefLillian K. Backenstoe '27
Associate EditorAlice Longenecker '27
Literary EditorAnna Weber '28
 AssistantBeatrice Craley '29
Current EventsRachael Hoffer '27
ExchangesDorothy Boyce '28
Odds and EndsPaul Hershey '27
 AssistantRobert Schroll '28
Athletics, BoysParis Sweigart '27
 Girls'Anna Hinkle '28

Class Notes

 SeniorLydia Shank '26
 JuniorAnna Mumma '27
 SophomoreEdna Charles '28
 FreshmanHelen Schule '29

Business Managers

General Business ManagerRobert Heilig '27
 Assistant .. Caroline Schatz '28
Circulation ManagerLillian Good '28

CONTENTS

Memories 4

ERITORIAL

 Our Last Days 5
 Silence is the Art of all Con-
 versation 6
 Appreciation '6
 Our Wild Flowers 7

LITERARY

 To My Classmates 8
 Class Prophecy 9
 Last Will and Testament11
 Class Song12
 Class Poem13
 Polly14
 Who's Who17

BOOK REVIEWS

 A Man for the Ages20
 The Venetian Glass Nephew .21

Photographs 22

CLASS NOTES

 Senior24
 Junior24
 Sophomore25
 Freshman26

Current Events27

Exchanges 28

ATHLETICS

 Boys'30
 Girls'32

Odds and Ends34

MEMORIES

Mem'ries are like the flowers
Of many tints and hues;
Some will dominate others,
But not one can we lose.

They spring up behind our pathway
And brighten in the sun;
Those are the noble deeds of life,
Remembered by every one.

Many of our great heroes
Who have lived within the past,
Have left behind within our thoughts
Mem'ries that will always last.

So let us then go forward
Within our path of strife,
And leave behind our footsteps
The Memories of Life.

Dorothy Baker '26



Our Last Days

Our last days of school are approaching fast and with them come the excitement of Class Day and Commencement. These are the things to which every Senior looks forward with eagerness.

During our four years in high school, we have tried to uphold its standards and we have given the best we had to our dear old high. Of course, we don't want you to think that we were very good, because the teachers will soon tell you otherwise, but we have tried to promote school spirit and strengthen it as best we could. We hope that our under-classmates will profit by our mistakes and make this a better school in many ways.

We do not wish to offer any excuses for our conduct, but we believe that you will agree with us that we worked under disadvantages because of the over-crowded conditions of our school. Next year you should get along much better, because you will have the new school building.

You will have a large auditorium, in which to hold your plays, and which would also serve as a good place for literary societies and other entertainments. Then, too, the gymnasium is larger and will furnish a fine place for parties and receptions. The gymnasium should also be an incentive for better basket ball games and the much needed school spirit to back the teams. All these things should promote stronger school spirit during the future years. We sincerely hope that you will take advantage of your opportunities and that you will succeed in everything you undertake.

Dorothy Loraw '26

Silence is the Art of All Conversation

Silence is considered the greatest art of conversation. How foolish, you say, if everyone would be silent there would be no conversation. True, but how many words are spoken in ordinary conversation which are useless.

How many words do you speak while someone else is speaking? Is it not crude in the first place? Is it not showing lack of respect for the speaker?

This is very true in our own High School. If we would show consideration to the person who is speaking to us how much useless noise could be avoided!

Everyone feels it is his duty to make a correction but how worthless is that correction if several voices are speaking at the same time. Surely if we first allowed the other person to finish his speech, there would be less noise. In order to make the person understand something, we begin before the other is finished. Therefore, we must speak louder in order that the other person will understand us. This raises the tone of voice. How annoying this is to the one who tries to study! A continual humming, annoying and distasteful to everyone is the result of this trying to talk first.

How useless! The person rarely understands your remark and it has to be repeated. Why not wait for your chance? Consider the rights of others. Be considerate of your neighbor. It is a reflection on your breeding if you can not show respect.

Let us try in our Assembly room to carry out the art of silence. Consider the right of the other fellow. Speak only when necessary and with as few words as possible. In this way we can help the teachers with their work and not be an annoyance to others. Bernice Myers '26

The present outgoing Seniors have arranged to have a clock placed in the auditorium of the new high school building. This time piece will serve as their lasting gift to those who follow in their footsteps and will be very useful in reminding their followers of time, so that they, too, may make the best of it, as the Seniors undoubtedly did. This gift will be greatly appreciated and admired by all and to the Class of '26 we say "Thank you, and the best of success be yours."

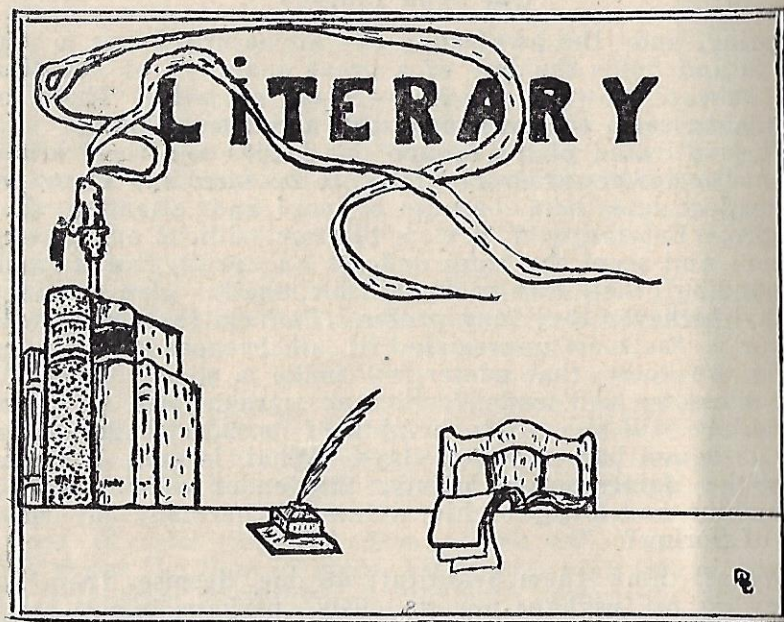
Our Wild Flowers

Spring, and the awakening of all nature, bring to our woods and fields the first of a great quantity of beautiful and delicate flowers, which we class as wild. These, of all plants, seem the most beautiful and interesting.

The cultivated plants around our homes and the various hot-house flowers are very pretty, to be sure, and many people appreciate them because of care and attention they require. But the wild flowers blossom without our personal care and seem the more delicate and pretty, as a result of finding their own rocky hillside, shady glen or sunny field, whichever they may prefer. Perhaps the spring wild flower is the most appreciated of all, because when it appears, we know that winter will make a speedy farewell, that blossoms and leaflets will soon sprout forth and that all nature will rise to the height of its natural glory after the dark and barren winter days. What is more beautiful than the dainty spring beauty, the tender violets, faithful columbine and lovely orchid, a few of the many gay flowers of Spring?

We all think them beautiful; no one despises them but many of us, perhaps unconsciously, perhaps intentionally, each year destroy many of these dainty tokens. Our wild flowers must be spared and preserved, and although we may gather and appreciate them, we should at least protect their roots and foster, rather than hinder, their growth. Today many varieties are becoming extinct, as a result of careless treatment in gathering. If we really appreciate their daintiness and beauty, we will try to spare them and so keep, for future years, the many varieties in the great wild flower kingdom.

L. K. B. '27



To My Classmates

We are leaving our Alma Mater
Leaving never to return.
And we leave it with a "Thank you,"
For the things which we have learned.

We've been to-gether in struggles,
Kept close in our ups and downs,
May this feeling follow us always
After we doff our caps and gowns.

Dear classmates, please remember
Our Alma Mater dear,
And make a name for yourselves in this world
That to speak of you will not need fear.

Let your thoughts wander back in memories dear
To those days of laughter and sighs.
And remember—no matter where you are
The reason for Mount Joy High.

"Ginger"

The Class Prophecy

By Lois Forney and Lydia Shank

It is now the year 1934 and we have just completed a tour of the United States, of which we will tell you.

We took a thru train to Lima, Ohio, where we stopped off for a few days to visit relatives. Distributed thru the town were posters announcing, "Special Evangelistic Services," to be held in the Methodist Tabernacle. Our curiosity was greatly aroused and we went to the services in the evening to hear the great evangelist. When the service started, a tall man strode forcibly across the platform, staring earnestly through his sheltering spectacles at the quailing sinners. The way one lock of hair stood straight up made us realize that it was our good old friend, Lester Heubaker.

We met Lester after the service and he took us to "Tyn-dall's Drug Store," where Mrs. Frank Tyndall (nee Dorothy Loraw) waited on us. Dorothy still retained her pleasant sparkling smile.

After remaining in town for a few days, we went to the station to get tickets for Chicago. After we got our tickets, we saw a lady waiting for a train. We recognized Ann Strickler. She told us she lives on a farm ten miles from the city and that she was going east to see her parents as she had not been home for five years.

When in Chicago, we visited the Posse-Nisson Physical Education School. Here we saw "Dee" Schroll conducting a class with more energy than we ever thought she possessed. As we left the building, we saw written on the Bulletin Board, "Keep Healthy and Eat Meat" signed by Harold Krall, the president of the Chief Packing Corporation of Chicago.

The next day, while we were strolling through the Alvin Park, we noticed a distressed looking young lady reading a letter. When we approached her, we saw it was Mary Strickler. She told us she was working in the Montefiore Hospital and she just received a letter from a friend near the old home town.

We then visited the Yellow Stone National Park. While going through the Onargo Botanical Gardens, we saw a tall prim looking girl gathering flowers, while a German police dog watched at her side. We asked her if the privilege of gathering flowers was granted to every person. When she looked at us, we knew it was Marion Musser. She told us that she is the overseer of the garden. While

conversing with Marion, our class poetess, Mary Engle, chanced along. She gave us a professional smile, then she recognized us. We learned from her that she was the Language teacher in the Schermerhorn Academy.

We next went to see the Grand Canyon. We passed the "Ilykit" tea house. On the veranda, we saw an artist at work. We watched him for a short time, then we heard a familiar chuckle. It was Merl Hoffer. He told us that "Windy" Newcomer was proprietor of the tea house.

From here we went to Salt Lake City. While we were canoeing on the lake, we saw a young lady and gentleman sitting on a bench. As we came closer, we saw that it was Bernice Myers and a friend. While engaging in a short conversation with her, she told us that she was teaching history in the Kiski High School. She also informed us that Ruth Hershey was head nurse of the Averett Hospital and that she sees her quite often.

From Salt Lake City, we travelled by automobile thru the western ranch section, as far as Hollywood.

We stopped at a large ranch called the "Le Bois de Roses." The owner of the ranch came to greet us and to our surprise it was Karl Engle. He invited us in where we met his wife and family. He told us that he read in the town paper of the wreck of the Beersheba Oceanliner, on which Rhoda Nentwig was returning from a tour of Europe as a writer for the Amirician Magazine.

When we reached Hollywood, we heard that the prima donna, Mildred Booth, and her accompanist, Dorothy Baker, were giving a concert at the Swanee Opera. On our way to the opera, we heard someone hail a taxi. Upon looking around, we saw Paul Engle, the Hollywood sheik, step into the taxi cab, of which James Krall was the driver.

We then went to San Francisco where we read on the headlines of the newspaper of the discovery of an unknown inert gas by Mae Hawthorne.

Our thrilling and pleasant adventure was ended when we returned home by water through the Panama Canal.

Last Will and Testament of the Class of 1926

We, the Seniors of Mount Joy High School, being of sound mind, memory and understanding, do make, publish, and declare this as our last Will and Testament, hereby revoking and making null and void all Wills and Testaments previously made by us.

To the Faculty, we give and bequeath three months of peace and quietness from the worry about the Seniors.

We give and bequeath to the Juniors our dignity, class spirit, and promptness.

To the Underclassmen, we give and bequeath our well worn books, which we hope they will take care of, and profit from the various notes written on the margins.

To the incoming Junior High, we give and bequeath our places in the Assembly Hall, requesting them to respect and preserve the carvings placed on the desks.

To Elmer Herman, we give and bequeath Anna Strickler's fondness of writing up Chemistry experiments.

To Anna Walters, we give and bequeath Ruth Hershey's shyness.

To "Stuff" Klugh, we give and bequeath Karl Engle's Athletic ability.

To Bobby Keller, we give and bequeath the mechanical ability of Paul Engle, to fix the High School curtains.

To Naomi Longenecker, we give and bequeath Dorothy Baker's ability to mind her own business.

To Myrtle Heistand, we give and bequeath Lois Forney's love of trolley riding.

To Dorothy Boyce, we give and bequeath Bernice Myers' quick actions.

In witness whereof, we, the Class of 1926, have hereunto subscribed our name and affixed our seal on this the twenty-sixth day of May, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-six.

Signed:

CLASS OF 1926

(Seal)

Per Marion Musser and Lydia Shank.

Class Song

Tune—Music in the Air

The Class of Twenty-Six,
 We shall laud your praises high,
 And we will all be faithful
 As the years go rolling by.
 And when we are far away,
 Ever of you we shall say,
 You were noble, good and true,
 And we'll always honor you.

Our colors, red and gold,
 Four years we toiled for you,
 Fond memories we'll cherish,
 Sweetest thoughts will linger too.
 Red and Gold, Oh, Red and Gold,
 Love for you will ne'er grow cold,
 As years go by us one by one,
 Our tasks we'll never shun.

Our dear old Mount Joy High School,
 We shall bid farewell to you,
 Your memories of the past,
 Will live the long years through.
 Our gallant high, our gallant high,
 We'll voice your glories to the sky,
 And we'll say until the end
 You were our dear old friend.

"Two Dees."

Class Poem

Dear old Mount Joy High School,
 We must bid farewell to thee,
 For duty now calls us onward
 To meet future destiny.
 We know not what we'll encounter,
 As we follow where duty calls,
 But we'll never forget the happy hours
 That were spent within thy walls.

Fate may bring us misfortune,
 Fortune, wealth and fame;
 But whatever our lot in life may be,
 We shall honor thy noble name.
 Should we attain the heights of success,
 Or fail to gain such a goal,
 Sweet mem'ries we'll always cherish,
 That will linger in each soul.

Four years we've spent together,
 We've had many jolly times;
 The joy we received from everything
 Is drawn in vivid lines.
 And now, we regret to say farewell
 To thee, dear Mount Joy High,
 But mem'ries of thee will be treasures;
 They may fade, but never die.

Mary Ellen Engle '26

Polly

Aunt Sue closed the oven door with a bang, then wiping her floury hands on the corner of her large checkered apron, turned to her sister with a disgusted look.

"Sam might have left a life insurance," she raved. "Who did he think would take care of Polly? I have all I can do to provide for my own. I should think you could care for her better than I, Julia," she added after a brief silence.

"You are mistaken if you think I am going to handicap myself with a cripple," growled Aunt Julia. "Ed and I decided that before Sam was killed."

"Polly can't stay in Chicago alone. Even if she is old enough, she is helpless in her condition. Something must be done, Julia. I'd hate to have people say my own niece was being supported by charity."

"Then keep her with you," answered Julia, coolly.

"I think I did my part when I had Sam brought here and paid all expenses." But Aunt Sue's conversation was cut short by the entrance of a frail, pale-faced girl.

"Close the door quickly, Polly," fretted Aunt Sue. "Now you have left the cat in the house. I never let him in. Here, Tabby, Tabby!"

Polly laughed softly as the cat ran away from its mistress.

"Young lady, you will find it hard to find something to laugh over now," frowned Aunt Sue. "I can't keep you here and Aunt Julia says she will not keep you."

Polly limped over to the chair and turned to both aunts saying, "I have never intended to stay with any of you. I am going home this afternoon, as we planned—"

"But, Polly," interrupted Aunt Sue, "You can't keep even two back rooms without a cent, and there is scarcely enough left to pay your expenses back to Chicago."

"I know, and that is why I am going to work."

"You work? Why you haven't a talent in the world—" interrupted Aunt Sue.

"Oh, aunts, is it really as bad as that?" said Polly, half hurt by their hopeless words.

"What plans have you in that silly head of yours?" scolded Aunt Sue.

"Only one, auntie, and I think I won't tell it just now. If you and Aunt Julia would love me just a little; no one cares for me in this world."

The girl turned toward the window. Then, after a brief pause, she turned and limped toward the door, where she stopped and said, "Please don't wait for me at luncheon time, auntie, but I shall be ready for the 3:57 train."

Late in August Aunt Julia alighted from the car at the corner of a street unfamiliar to her. It was already three months since she had seen Polly and the letter forwarded to Aunt Sue, in which Polly had written that she was about to change her residence to Michigan Boulevard, brought Aunt Julia, puzzled and impatient, to Chicago to hear the reason for Polly's plan.

At the entrance of Polly's house Aunt Julia stopped short. Would Polly be changed? Would she still have her loving smile? But why should she have such thoughts? This ridiculous child must listen to reason and settle down to work. After this hesitation, Aunt Julia was admitted by the landlady and taken to Polly's rooms.

At the sight of her aunt, Polly screamed with joy. Her sweet ringing voice touched the cold heart of Aunt Julia.

"Auntie, you've come at last!"

Aunt Julia quickly calmed Polly, and began to question her concerning her plans. Polly told her that one day while walking in the park, she had incidentally met a very charming, silver-haired old lady. The lady, who was Mrs. Brone, had dropped her purse just as Polly was passing. Polly, seeing that the lady was in a wheelchair and unable to get her purse, picked it up for her. The lady thanked Polly, and, noticing that Polly was also a cripple, told her that she was waiting for her nurse whom she had sent to a fruit stand for oranges. She began talking to Polly and told her that she was wealthy, but not as happy as she would like to be. Mrs. Brone was soon captivated by Polly's winning smile and asked her if she would accept a position as companion to her. Her duties would be to accompany her and her nurse on all her trips and walks, to talk to her and also accompany her to Europe once each summer. All her expenses would be paid and her clothing provided for her. Polly, spell bound, readily accepted the position and that was why she was moving. Aunt Julia immediately began to make apologies for mistreating Polly but Polly soon quieted her. The next few hours were spent packing Polly's clothes and sending Aunt Julia back to Aunt Sue.

* * * * *

Aunt Sue and Aunt Julia were seated before the fireplace, knitting. They were thinking of Polly, whom they had not seen for three years. Their dreams were shattered suddenly by a gentle tap on the door. The hired girl opened the door and unveiled an undreamed of picture. There, framed in the doorway, stood Polly and a very handsome man. Polly rushed to the arms of her aunts, and, after embracing them, introduced Mr. Brone Jr., her husband.

Polly told her aunts how Mrs. Brone had taken her to Europe, where both ladies were admitted to a hospital. Polly, under the care of noted physicians, was cured of her lameness. The air of the mountains had placed a rosy glow in her cheeks and a sparkle in her eyes. Then Mr. Brone Jr. came to the hospital to see his mother and met Polly. He had finished his schooling in Europe and was now ready to travel with his mother. After Mrs. Brone and Polly were well enough to leave the hospital, months of travel followed. Constant companionship soon developed into love and Polly and Mr. Brone Jr. were married up on their return to Chicago three months ago.

The aunts were delighted beyond words, but realized their unworthiness and did not try to apologize to Polly, who refused to see them in any other form than that of loving, guiding and dear aunts.

Dec S. '26



Who's Who?

One Sunday evening Mr. and Mrs. Richardson were sitting in their living room discussing a recent scandal. Everything was quiet and tranquil. The father, who was a prominent lawyer, was giving his opinions on the item, which was written about a young girl who was kidnapped in a nearby city. She was a friend of the Richardson family, and of most of the club members. The question was becoming interesting, when a loud knock was heard at the hall door.

Mr. Richardson, thinking it was their son, Dick, returning from college for his Easter vacation, rushed to the door. To his surprise, a masked figure handed him a note and suddenly disappeared in the darkness. Upon entering the living room, he read the note, which follows: "Be at the bridge on the road leading to the Country Club, tomorrow night at nine o'clock." (Dick.)

The Richardson home was filled with excitement for the remainder of that night and the following day. The next day, when Mr. Richardson was deciding if he would go or not to the place designated on the note, he heard the buzz of a large car come up their driveway. He was astounded to see two men, dressed like detectives, step out of the car. They informed him that the young girl was concealed in the neighborhood of the country club and kindly asked if they may search his property. At their departure, the two men seemed very much pleased at their success, but said nothing about it to Mr. Richardson.

That night at half-past eight, Mr. Richardson decided that he would go to the bridge. On each side of the bridge were large trees and hedges, which adorned the entrance of the country club. The road was covered with large shadows, some moving, and others standing quiet. Mr. Richardson was looking at the club, when a dark object appeared behind him and tapped him on the shoulder. He turned around quickly but the figure had noticed the mistake and hurried off in the shadows. Mr. Richardson lost no time in returning to his own home, thinking that evidently the note was not meant for him.

When he reached home, his son, Dick, had also returned and was sitting in his den. He was a very handsome young man with features like his father. He was the only son and his father's namesake. He was studying the same profession, which his father had, and intended to practice in a near-by city. Dick had a troubled look on his face, and was intently watching the clock and the door. When his father entered, he only said, "Hello, dad, was any mail left here for me?" Then a long silence followed.

That night, after Mr. and Mrs. Richardson retired, Dick still lingered in his den. Everything was silent when suddenly a signal-like whistle was heard outside Dick's window. The door was quietly opened and the murmur of low voices could be heard in the hallway; then, slowly ascending the stairs, they soon became indistinct, as Dick's room was entered.

The next day Dick remained in a moody state of mind. Mr. Richardson, becoming very much alarmed about his son's actions, went up to Dick's room. He heard some quick movements in the room, the closing of a closet door, then the regular silence. He knocked at the door and when Dick opened, he was alone and in the same moody state of mind. But the harsh words of his father, who was determined to get an explanation of all this which had happened, brought a peculiar smile to his lips. Then his attention was attracted to the window. His father, who by this time had become angry with his son, also moved to the window. To his amazement, it was the same men who had come there to search his property the day before. Dick did not appear disturbed by their appearance, but to his father's surprise, he made some motions, and, after some return signals, the car disappeared.

After a few moments of silence, Mr. Richardson moved toward the closet in which he heard a slight movement. His son also rushed to the closet door, pleading with his dad not to open it. His father, who had reached it first, threw it open in a fit of anger and before him stood—? Dick had already rushed in front of his father, concealing the figure. His father pulled him away and there stood the young girl who had been kidnapped, too much frightened to move. All she could utter was, "Oh, Dick!"

At first, Mr. Richardson was angry with his son, saying, "You should have known better and a fine condition you are in."

Then, Dick tried to explain by saying, "Dad, two of my chums and I were just trying this out. You see they are in the detective business and I am a lawyer. We were just trying to get some dope on the kidnapping business and Peg's brother got her to help us out."

"That will do," Mr. Richardson snapped. "I want the truth."

At this Peggy interrupted. She was a very beautiful girl, twenty years of age who had been going to college in the same city as Dick. She begged him to tell the truth. Then Dick told his father the true story.

Dick pleaded, "Dad, you see it is my fault. I was determined and so was Peg's father, Mr. Donaldson. My college chums just helped me out, that's all. They came here to see if we were safe. Then they were going to help us escape this evening. I didn't want to get you and Ma in this and I didn't know it would cause so much trouble and excitement."

Mr. Richardson, after a few moments of consideration, forgave his son. He also, through his great influence, straightened up the affair with Peggy's father. Peggy and Dick were married on Easter and his faithful college chums were beautifully entertained at the country club.

Everything was explained about the masked person, the note and the meeting at the bridge. All those who knew the facts considered it a joke. Even the city people, who were intimate with the Donaldson family, rejoiced because Mr. Donaldson, who was so determined, was conquered by college chaps.

But this taught Dick a lesson never to start a task he could not finish.

Rhoda Nentwig '26



BOOK REVIEWS

A Man for the Ages

This book, "A Man for the Ages," was written by Irving Bacheller. He is a successful writer. He has produced many great works, which have made him popular among a great number of people. The book is woven around the life of Abraham Lincoln.

In the early part of the story, young Abraham Lincoln is seen as a clerk in a grocery store in the small town of New Salem, Illinois. This store was the social center of the town, to which many people gathered each evening, to discuss the news of the day. Young Lincoln, was always the main speaker in the discussions.

Among the many friends of Abe Lincoln was a young man by the name of Jack Kelso. He paid many visits to the store, always accompanied by his sister, Bim, in whom Abe was interested. The visits continued daily. Young Abe became more and more interested in Bim Kelso.

Finally Abraham Lincoln decided to try to enter the State Legislature at the first election. He did not succeed but the following election he won over his opponent. He immediately proved to the members of the legislature, that he had some unusual ability. He had several important measures passed for his state.

He paid many visits to his home town. About this time, he became interested in a young lady by name of Ann Rutledge. She was a public spirited young girl. Abe seemed to take a great deal of interest in her, but he also thought of his friend, Bim Kelso. It seemed hard for him to decide which one he should take the most interest in, but he left that to time. You may wonder which one he did love the most, and which one might have been his choice for life. The book must be read to find out.

The story is not only interesting to read for the romantic element in it, but it is also beautiful and reveals the inner life of the great emancipator. The last chapter of the book produces one of the most beautiful scenes I have ever read.

Lester B. Brubaker '26

The Venetian Glass Nephew

Elinor Wylie, in writing "The Venetian Glass Nephew" has produced a novel, strikingly original and the most fantastic I have ever read. Among the multitude of novels, now in circulation, there is none like it to be found. It is a delightful and pleasing story. It is not one of those which stir you into intense excitement, but keeps you pleasantly interested throughout. Its characters are most unusual, especially the Venetian Glass Nephew. His birth was especially unusual. He had neither father or mother, but had been created in a most peculiar manner.

Peter Innocent Bon was an old saintly cardinal and the main grievance of his life was that he had no nephew. He had plenty of nieces, but not a nephew. And then one day he met the most skilled of all Venetian glass blowers, who was very famous as possessing divine power. He showed Peter the wonderful things he had made and he was dazzled by their magnificence. There was almost anything conceivable and everything was so beautiful and wonderful! Peter was asked to buy something and was puzzled as to what it should be until suddenly the idea struck him, that now would be the time to get a nephew. The glass blower was rather stunned by the request, for he had never made anything quite as difficult, but, nevertheless, he consented.

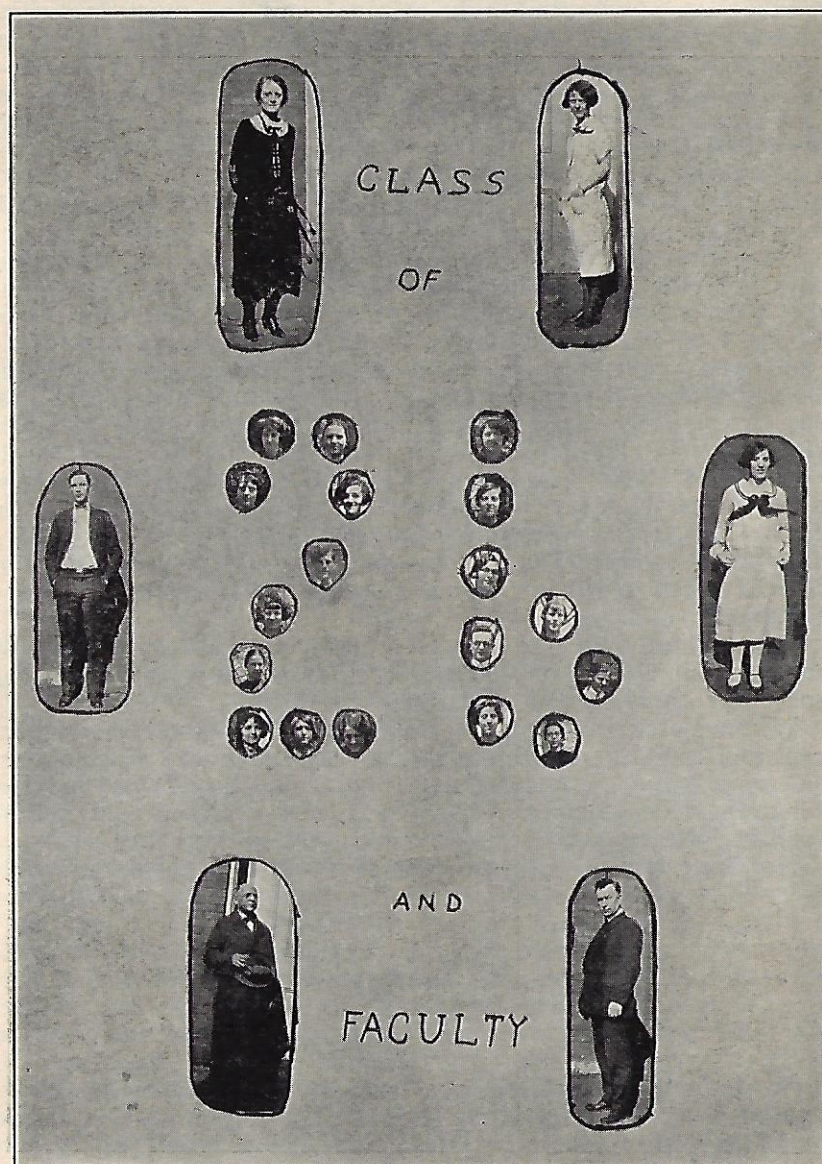
When finally he had completed his task, he was fatigued and scorched. He beheld his finished work with pride and anxiously awaited the cardinal's coming.

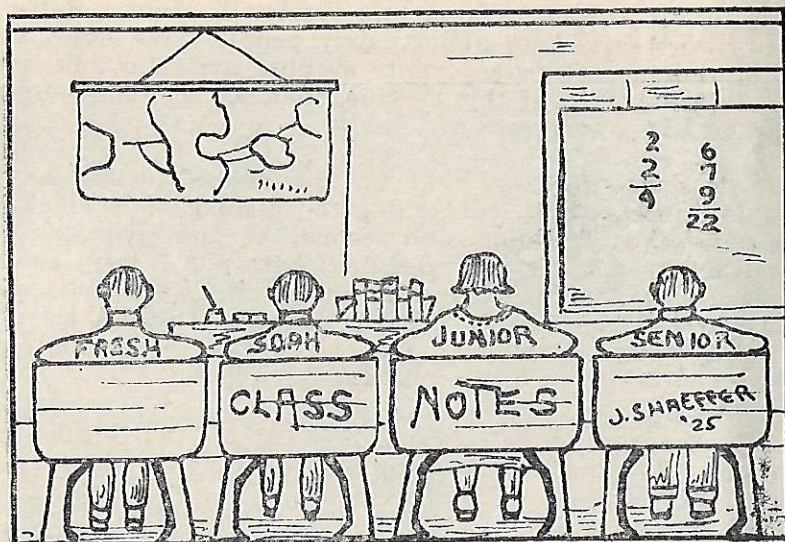
When Peter Innocent beheld his delicate, finely-spun nephew, and heard him address him as uncle and father, he was dazed and speechless. Scarcely could he believe his eyes. His greatest desire was now realized. He named him Virginio and joyfully conducted him to his home.

Not long after, Virginio met Rosalla, a charming maiden. She was gleaming with the freshness of youth and health. They fell in love with each other and were married. But, sad to say, after their marriage, Rosalla realized that her Venetian glass husband was no match for her. The Venetian glass blower had neglected this one thing. He had neglected to give Virginio a strong and active body. He had given him beauty but had forgotten to give him energy. It gave both the lovers a terrible blow. Rosalla was unable to live with such a delicate and fragile husband whose face was white and whose blood was colorless. Such a life would be intolerable. What could she do? She could not give up Virginio for she loved him dearly.

You will be interested to know what she does and how she gains happiness. The author's style, like her characters, is unusual and delightful.

Marion Musser '26





Senior Class Notes

The Seniors are well pleased with the name cards and invitations, which were received recently.

We are very busy preparing for our Class Day play, which will be held on May twenty-sixth. The play is entitled, "Ann What's-Her-Name." We are working hard at our practices, because we want this play to be the best ever produced in Mount Joy High School.

We are soon at the end of our year of "tricks and temptations." We are glad; yet we dread to leave our classmates. Many of us hope to go to other schools, but we are sure we shall never enjoy it as we did our four years in High School.

Junior Class Notes

We welcome Mariotte Stetler as a new member of our class. We hope he will join in our sports and entertainments and be an active member of our class and also the high school.

On April 8, we entertained the Senior Class and the Faculty at a reception in the "gym." The entertainment consisted of a treasure hunt and vaudeville show. Refreshments were served to almost sixty people. We hope that all present spent an enjoyable evening and did not pass one dull moment. If this be true, then we feel sure our reception was a success.

A class meeting was held on Monday, April 24, for a double purpose: first, concerning the placing of a clock in the new school building, and second, to elect captains for our track teams. It was decided that our class should place a clock in the history-library room. The track captains elected were Pauline Engle and Elmer Herman.

Get to work, Captains! Organize your teams and try your very best to win the cup for our class.

We, the Juniors, wish each member of the graduating class of '26 success and happiness throughout his or her life.

After giving a class play, a senior reception, after having two successful basket ball teams, a girls' and a boys', after much work and also pleasure, we, as Juniors, feel that we have spent a beneficial, successful and happy year and feel about ready to enter our life as Seniors next year.

We, the Juniors, wish to thank Miss Bork, our English teacher, for her advice, encouragement, interest and work for our class. We feel that our play, reception and other class events could not have been a success without her aid.

Anna Mumma '27

Sophomore Class Notes

On April twenty-ninth, a class meeting was held for the purpose of choosing captains for the Track Meet. Anna Weber was chosen for the girls' team. Benjamin Charles was chosen for the boys' team. There were also other topics in discussion, but no definite conclusions were reached. The meeting then adjourned.

The members of the class are busy gathering specimens of wild flowers for the Biology course. We find this to be very interesting work.

We have just finished reading "The Lady of the Lake" by Scott, and are now ready to study Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities."
Edna Charles '28

Freshman Class Notes

From among those who are taking part in the track meet, Emma Ellis and Lloyd Garber were selected as captains of the members of our class.

It has been decided to divide the class into four sections and have an assistant for each section to help the treasurer in collecting class dues each month. The assistants are Beatrice Craley, Margaret Charles, Blanche Newcomer, and Dorothy Kaylor.

The following events will be featured in the track meet; the names of those entering follow each feature:

75 yard dash—Margaret Charles, Emma Ellis, Grace Hamilton, Helen Rohrer, Helen Schroll, Minnie Kapp, Violet Gerber.

Ball throw—Grace Hamilton, Helen Schroll, Laura Hamilton, Emma Ellis, Violet Gerber.

Running high jump—Laura Hamilton, Minnie Kapp, Gibney Diffenderfer, William Light.

Pole vault—Harvey Hawthorne, Oliver Longenecker, William Light, James Beamenderfer.

Running broad jump—George Zink, James Beamenderfer, Nelson Newcomer, Russel Halbleib, Lloyd Garber.

220 yard dash—Oliver Longenecker, Lloyd Garber.

100 yard dash—Oliver Longenecker, James Beamenderfer, Lloyd Garber.
Helen Schule '29



CURRENT EVENTS

April 8 The Juniors held the Senior reception in the High School gymnasium. The color scheme was yellow and red. A very clever scheme was worked up for the ice-cream, which was small flower pots in which was ice-cream with a daffodil planted in the cream. A delightful lunch was served, the remains of which were still seen rolling on the floor the next day. Everyone had a lovely time.

April 14 Captain Rogers was here representing the Citizens' Military Training Camps. A few of the boys have decided to spend the month in the Camp.

April 20 A picked chorus, from the High School, is practicing songs to sing at Commencement.

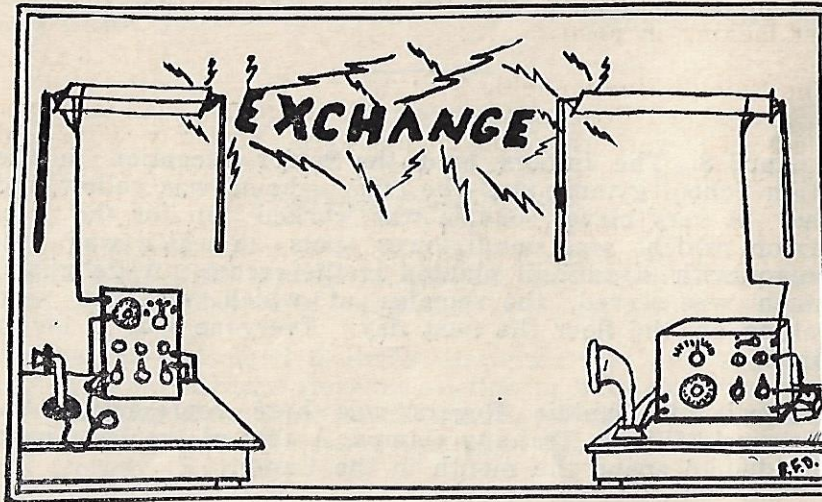
April 17 Our Relay team, Robert Heilig, Harry Bear, Oliver Longenecker, and Lloyd Garber, represented our school in the track meet at Franklin and Marshall College. They tried to do their best and won second place.

April 18 Our Relay team represented us at the Penn Relays at Philadelphia.

April 26 The Seniors are practicing for their Class Play, "Ann What's-Her-Name," which will be given May twenty-sixth.

May 4 Mr. Wood gave a splendid lecture in the High School. It was said that it was the best lecture given in the school for several years.
R. P. H. '27





As We See Others

Panorama, Binghamton, N. Y.

Yours is an excellent paper. It certainly shows spirit and cooperation of the students.

The Crimson and Blue, Pulaski Academy, Pulaski, N. Y.

Your Literary Department is very good, but why not add a few poems? Your jokes are fine.

Madigraph, Rochester, N. Y.

You have a newsy little paper.

Crimson and Gold, New Brighton, Pa.

You have a finely developed Literary Department. Your jokes are also witty.

The Spice, Norristown, Pa.

Your jokes are full of humor. The Spice is an interesting paper.

The Courier, Philadelphia, Pa.

You seem humorously inclined. Your jokes are amusing.

The Wissahickon, Roxborough, Philadelphia.

Your paper is excellent and commendable in every line.

The Claghorn, Philadelphia, Pa.

Your stories and poems are fine. It shows that you are not lacking in poets.

The Shield, Haddonfield, N. J.

Your April Fool number of this magazine was a clever idea. The various departments were certainly witty and humorous.

The Gleam, Johnson, Minn.

Your cartoons are fine and your write-ups are snappy.

As Others See Us

The Pattersonian—

I know now why I so distinctly recall Miss Pattersonian's magazine. It is because of the department headed "Book Reviews," a real educational asset. Her literary section was fine, too. A few more original jokes would liven the book up a lot.

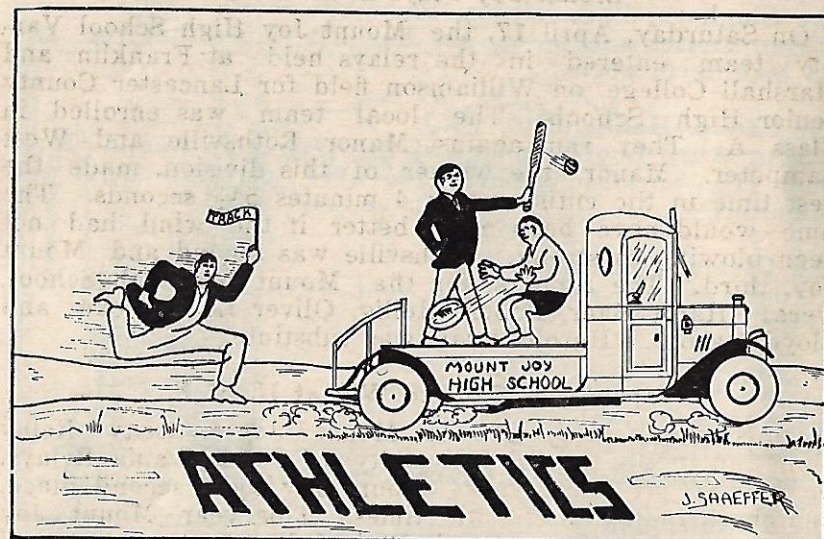
The Gleam, Johnson, Minn.

The Pattersonian—

Your cuts are extremely clever.

The Eastern, Berwyn, Pa.
D. M. B. '28





Boys' Athletics

Mount Joy vs. West Lampeter

On March 26, Mount Joy High School played West Lampeter Vocational School on the local court. This was the last game on the 1925-26 schedule. Because several of the players were sick, the second string men were put into action. The game was very interesting throughout. The local team played a neat brand of ball, fighting until the end, and it was not until the final whistle that West Lampeter was sure of their victory, the final score being 22-36. This was another defeat for Mount Joy in the Lancaster County Class B Scholastic League, putting our percentage down to .333. Seven teams were entered in the league and we stood fifth best. This was probably the last game that the Mount Joy High School will play in the old gymnasium. The players of future years are looking forth to the new and larger gym in the new building. The score:

Mount Joy—22

J. Krall, F.
Laskewitz, F.
Heilig, C.
H. Krall, G.
Charles, G.

Substitutes—Beamenderfer, Bear, and Shipley.

Field Goals—J. Krall, Laskewitz 5, Heilig 4, Frantz 2, Shay 9, Shipley 3.

Foul goals—J. Krall, Heilig, Frantz 6, Shipley.

Referee: Melott, F. & M.

West Lampeter—36

Frantz, F.
Shay, F.
Kreider, C.
Forrey, G.
Werner, G.

Mount Joy Plays at F. & M.

On Saturday, April 17, the Mount Joy High School Varsity team entered in the relays held at Franklin and Marshall College, on Williamson field for Lancaster County Senior High Schools. The local team was enrolled in Class A. They ran against Manor, Rothsville and West Lampeter. Manor, the winner of this division, made the best time in the entire meet: 4 minutes 51½ seconds. The time would have been much better if the wind had not been blowing so strong. Rothsville was second and Mount Joy, third. The runners, for the Mount Joy High School, were: Harry Baer, Robert Heilig, Oliver Longenecker and Lloyd Garber. Harold Krall was substitute.

Mount Joy Fails to Win at U. of P.

On Saturday, April 24, the Mount Joy Varsity Relay team ran in the annual University of Pennsylvania Relays. In the two preceding years, Mount Joy took second place, Lehigh taking first both times. This year Mount Joy ran against Lehigh, North Plainsfield, Quakertown, and Sellersville. Lehigh took first again this year but Mount Joy failed to take second, as the year before. Those, who ran for Mount Joy were: Harry Baer, Robert Heilig, Oliver Longenecker and Lloyd Garber.

Fourth Annual Track Meet

Friday afternoon, May 7, the Mount Joy High School held their Fourth Annual Track and Field Meet. The four classes were entered but the main opposition was between the Juniors and the Freshmen. At first, it looked as tho' the Freshmen were going to win but in the end the Juniors had a fair advantage, 67-44. The Sophomores were third with 11 points and the Seniors last with 4 points. Two records were broken, the shot put and the high jump. The old record for the shot put was 30 ft. 5 in. The new record is 31 ft. 6 in. made by John Meisenberger. The old record for the high jump was 5 ft. 2 in. The new record is 5 ft. 4 in. made by Harry Baer. Lloyd Garber won the individual cup with 13 1-4 points. The result of the events is as follows:

100 Yard Dash—First: Garber, Freshman; Bear, Junior; Third: H. Krall, Senior. Time, 10.5 seconds.

Shot Put—Meisenberger, Junior; Beamenderfer, Freshman; Kramer, Sophomore. Distance, 31 ft. 6 in. Record.

Broad Jump—Garber, Freshman; H. Krall, Senior; Heilig, Junior. Distance, 18 ft. 5 in.

High Jump—Bear, Junior; Herman, Junior; Heilig, Junior. Height, 5 ft. 4 in. Record.

220 Yard Dash—Herman, Junior; Garber, Freshman; Longenecker, Freshman. Time, 27 seconds.

Mile Relay—Freshmen: Longenecker, Zink, Light, Garber Juniors: Heilig, Meisenberger, Herman, Bear; Sophomores: Charles, Becker, Kramer, Barnhart. Time, 4 min. 22 sec.

Pole Vault—Newcomer, Freshman; Hawthorne, Freshman; Beamenderfer and Light, Freshmen. Height, 7 ft. 6 inches.

Girls' Athletics

Mount Joy vs. West Lampeter

On March 26, our girls met West Lampeter on the neutral floor, to add another victory to our list. Our team began scoring from the very beginning of the game and continued to the end. The game was rather one-sided, the score being 27-9.

West Lampeter—9

R. Landis, F.
Leahscher, F.
Zug, C.
Plank, G.
Shay, G.
Weaver, S. C.

Mount Joy—27

Engle, F.-G.
Backenstoe, F.
Lindemuth, C.
Schatz, G.
Garber, G.
Ellis, S. C.
Bundle, F.
Smith, S. C.
Rhorer, F.
Newcomer, G.

Field Goals—Leahscher 4, Engle 10, Bundle 1, Rhorer 1.
Foul Goals—Leahscher 1, Engle 1, Backenstoe 2.

On May 8, the Fourth Annual Track and Field Meet was held on the Recreation Grounds. It was a nice spring day and all the girls were well prepared for the event, due to hard practice. The basketball throw was a new record of 64 feet over the old record of Pauline Engle. The Senior girls did not take part, but the other classes were well represented. Esther Garber won the girls' individual cup with 13 points.

The Junior High Girls were exceptionally well prepared for the event. They were filled with school spirit, and are a promising group for our new "High." We hope they will keep up their good work.

The result of the day follows, the winners being named according to the honors received:

Senior High

High Jump—Ethel Moore, Sophomore; Laura Hamilton, Freshman; Naomi Fortin, Junior. Height, 4 feet 2 inches.

75 Yard Dash—Emma Ellis, Freshman; Naomi Fortin, Junior; Mildred Lindemuth, Junior. Time, 11 seconds.

Basketball Throw—Esther Garber, Junior; Pauline Engle, Junior; Anna Weber, Sophomore. Distance, 64 feet.

Standing Broad Jump—Mildred Lindemuth, Junior; Ethel Smith, Junior; Emma Ellis, Freshman. Distance 6 ft. 10 in.

Baseball Throw—Pauline Engle, Junior; Esther Garber, Junior; Anna Weber, Sophomore. Distance, 145 feet, 9 in.

Running Broad Jump—Esther Garber, Junior; Pauline Engle, Junior; Mary Diffenderfer, Sophomore. Distance, 12 feet 4 inches.

One-half Mile Relay—Freshmen: Garber, Schroll, Charles, Ellis; Juniors: Mumma, Smith, Fortin, Lindemuth; Sophomores: Engle, Diffenderfer, Myers, Moore.

Junior High

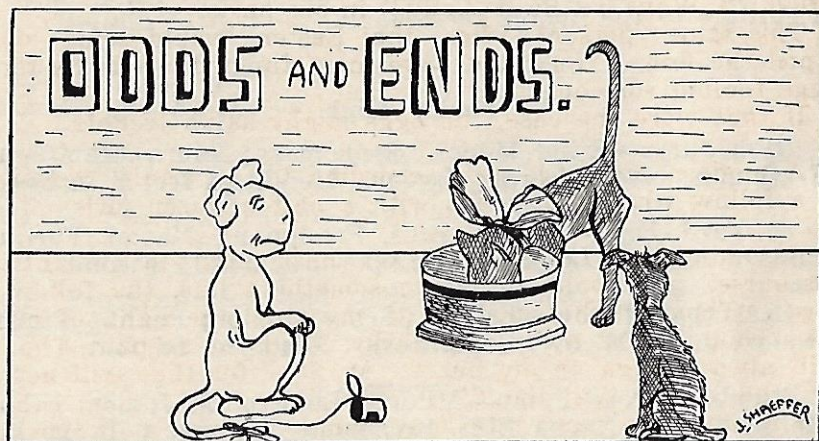
Baseball Throw—Ruth Kaylor, Edna Heilig, and Elinor Brown. Distance, 97 feet, 3 inches.

75 Yard Dash—Helen Snyder, Esther Barnhart, Hilda Engle. Time, 10½ seconds.

Running Broad Jump—Esther Barnhart, Helen Snyder, Vivian Rinehart. Distance, 11 feet 4 inches.

High Jump—First: Anna Winters, Helen Snyder, tie; Second: Esther Barnhart, Fanny Fauby, tie.

Anna Hinkle '28



Senior Department

Our Songs

- Mary Strickler—"Dreamer of Dreams."
 Ethel Newcomer—"Me and My Boy Friend."
 Rhoda Nentwig—"Yearning."
 Lydia Shank—"A Walk, the Moonlight and You."
 Mildred Booth—"Brown Eyes, Why Are You Blue?"
 Dorothy Schroll—"Ukelele Lady."
 Lois Forney—
 Anne Strickler—"Thanks for the Buggy (Auto) Ride."
 Dorothy Loraw—"How I Love Him and He Loves Me Is Nobody's Business."
 Marion Musser—"My Garden of Roses."
 Bernice Myers—"Let Me Call You Sweetheart."
 Mae Hawthorne—"That Certain Party."
 Dorothy Baker—"Sometime."
 Ruth Hershey—"Street-car Blues."
 Mary Engle—"Honest and Truly."
 Merl Hoffer—"Drifting and Dreaming."
 James Krall—"Oh, What a Pal Was Mary."
 Harold Krall—"Too Tired."
 Paul Engle—"Three O'clock In The Morning."
 Karl Engle—"Sleep."
 Lester Brubaker—"Where's My Sweetie Hiding?"

Paul Engle recently said he is going to write a play entitled, "I Want To Be A Lady," in six parts.

This same person wishes that Easter would come on April the first. You could have more fun with your Easter eggs fooling someone.

If that were the case, the eggs might hatch trouble.

A modern man-of-letters, according to a certain Senior, is a fellow who corresponds with a half a dozen girls.

Assuming that Lester Brubaker has taken to romantic discourse, we would anticipate something like the following: "Thou art the sunshine of my soul; the light of my life. Thou drivest away the murky clouds of despair. Thou wilt always reign in my heart. My love for thee will never grow cold. Wilt thou?"

The probable answer:—"Say, what is this, a proposal or a weather report?"

One of Merl Hoffer's favorite proverbs: "The night has a thousand eyes; the neighbors twice as many."

A lady, in at Krall's Butcher Shop—"How do you sell your limburger, mister?"

Clerk—"I often wonder myself, ma'am."

New Duties

The duties of a Pound-keeper, according to several Seniors, are as follows: He has charge of the fixing and inspection of weights and measures. Another said he has charge of the money, or in other words, is the treasurer.

In reality, he looks after dogs and is popularly called the "Dog-catcher."

When asked for the duties of a fence-reviewer, some one knowingly declared that he goes around and inspects the fences to see if they need repairing.

I believe the spiders are radio bugs
 At least that's what I have to say,
 Just look at the aerials they spin,
 They're hard to beat by experts today.

I. Spider

Familiar Expressions

Rhoda N.—“How do you get that way?”
 Dorothy S.—“I’ll run you ragged.”
 Bernice M.—“You tell ’em.”
 Karl E.—“Count me out.”
 James K.—“Hey.”
 Lester Brubaker—“Age before beauty.”
 Mildred B.—“You boob.”
 Ethel N.—“I’m cravin’ knowledge.”
 Lois F.—“Ah, please.”
 Harold K.—“You’re not shackled.”
 Merl Hoffer—“Say, bo, what’s you-all doin?”
 Lydia S.—“Dry up.”
 Dorothy L.—“The meeting will please come to order.”

The Teachers

“Get busy, and mind your own business.”—Mr. Bair.
 “Please pay attention. I want definite answers.”—Miss Bork.
 “Try to get over your lessons.”—Miss Eshleman.
 “You are indifferent and go sliding along.”—Miss Martin.
 “The section, that did not have lab. yesterday, will have it today.”—Mr. Flaharty.

The Senior chemistry class wishes the incoming class all the joys of that interesting study and the pleasure of writing up experiments. They also hope that next year’s class will discover something hitherto unknown to man, and that their bill for broken glassware will not cause them to become “broke.” In addition, it is hoped that they will successfully endure the uninvited “whifs” of Chlorine, Ammonia, and Hydrogen Sulphide gas, that are sure to come their way. Merl Hoffer ’26

Large Fire May 1, 1926

A fire, that was started by an unknown, caused considerable damage, direct and indirect. The direct damage was the burning of some rubbish. The indirect damage was done to a fence when the palings were used as fire extinguishers. A new fence is needed. The fire company No. 1 responded to the call. When last seen, they were hunting the fire with a flash light. Fireman, who are employed at the Knickerbocker Ice Foundry, helped to sweep the sun and shovel the steam away from the fire to make it better for the firemen.

What is a caserole? One of our High School boys said it was a bird’s nest. Could you make a closer guess?

Shorty Hershey’s 8th Y’s Crax—“Some people think Lansing Michigan is a medical operation or that Wheeling West Virginia is a hard job.”

A Few of Us in Geography

Martha College—Mt. Hood.
 “Doc” Bear—Little Bear Lake.
 Naomi Myers—Myerstown.
 Mary Fackler—Marysville.
 “Hon” Engle—Engleside.
 Park Shetter—Yellowstone National Park.
 “Stuff” Klugh—Yukon (You Con).
 Lloyd Gottschall—New Jersey.
 Sam Becker—Lake Superior.
 Ben Charles—Charleston.
 Ethel Smith—Reno.
 Mariot Stetler—Marion, Ohio.
 Florence Arntz—Florence, Italy.
 Anna Bundle—Wrapperstown.
 Ruth Hershey—Hershey Park.
 George Halbleib—Mt. Washington.
 Robert Heilig—Mt. Fulton.

Princeton is a college.
 Austin is a city.
 Umbra is a ray of light.
 Lancaster is a pity.

Humpback is a nuisance.
 Earache is a pain.
 Rolling down a steep hill,
 Shoves against the grain.
 Happy is an adjective;
 Everyone an adverb, and I came to think
 York is a suburb.

“I wonder who turned the lights out,” said the earth worm, as he was crawling through the ground.

The Freshmen did some work on Track,
 The Sophomores did the rest,
 The Seniors beat the both of them,
 But the Juniors were the best.

The love-sick lad was taken by the police when having a good time and he sang this song:
 She’ll hear no tone, no more
 Of the man she loves so well,
 No telephone, no more,
 Communicates with the cell

Both Howard Swarr and Arthur Ney agreed that they did not like that point when a fellow told them to sit in a tack.

When Riley said a drug store was a habit, he forget that spring fever was a pleasure.—Sometimes.

Miss Martin—"Fruits, that were not known, they did not eat."

His name was Bill, you see
And he did board, did board,
And a board bill had he, had he,
When he owned a Ford, a Ford.

The board bill bored Bill
So much the bill bored Bill
He sold his Ford to pay his board
And now he has no bill. (No Ford either.)

A bit of advice for the girls—For those who chew gum,
Wrigley's or Beech-Nut, or for those who don't:
Whistling girls, like crowing hens,
Always come to some bad ends.

"Why is a school like a Ford?"

"Because it has a crank at its head and a lot of nuts behind it."

Our new assistant, Robert Schroll, had a little bout with Samuel Becker. Becker said he could lick Schroll, if he hadn't the cold, but he didn't want to get heated up.

I was traveling on a very slow train on my recent trip West. The road was so crooked and the turns so short that the conductor would lean out of the last coach and slap the engineer on the back. My berth was called Rhode Island. It was living up to its name. It was so small the furniture was painted on the wall, you had to go outside to turn around and go up on the roof to change your mind. There were many foreigners on the train. That's why they called it The Race Train. At Reno, they all got out but me. At the end of the line, I was taken out by request and welcomed to the city in a coop.

Well! It's about time to blow out and re-tire but I'm not going to get a Fisk.

Paul W. Hershey '27
Robert Schroll '28

PENNSYLVANIA BUSINESS COLLEGE

(ACCREDITED)

The School with the Reputation for Highly Trained and Efficient Graduates.

We stress the idea of INDIVIDUAL INSTRUCTION under which plan students may enroll at any time in either

DAY SCHOOL or NIGHT SCHOOL

Call or Write for College Catalogue.

"IT PAYS TO ATTEND A GOOD SCHOOL"

TEMPORARY ADDRESS
48 East King Street

Advertise
in the
Pattersonian

GEORGE BROWN'S SONS, Inc.

MANUFACTURERS OF

Cotton and Woolen Goods

MOUNT JOY, PA. and. LENNI MILLS, PA.

YOU SEND YOUR CHILDREN TO SCHOOL

ARE YOU SCHOOLING THEM IN ECONOMY?

This Bank is a School of Thrift

YOUR boy or girl can have a bank account here.
ONE DOLLAR will open it up for them.

BOOK KNOWLEDGE is important—we could hardly
get along without it.

BUT DOLLAR KNOWLEDGE is important also. Ob-
serve the many who have never saved, how are they
getting along.

Let's get your children's bank accounts under way.

First National Bank
MOUNT JOY, PENNA.

EAT

**Nissly
Swiss
Chocolate**

Prescriptions
Carefully Compounded

AT THE
REXALL STORE
E. W. Garber

Mount Joy, Penna.

HEADQUARTERS

—for—

**SCHOOL SUPPLIES
BOOKS**

Agents for

A. B. DICK COMPANY
MIMEOGRAPH

—and—

MIMEOSCOPE

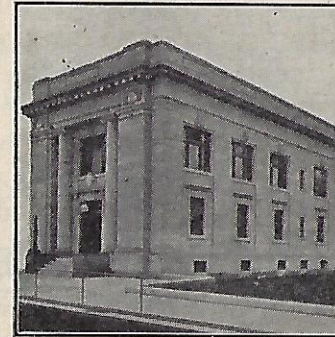
The Mimeograph for Duplicating
The Mimeoscope for Tracing

REAM'S

Stationers, Booksellers,
Engravers.

104 N. Queen St., Lancaster, Pa.
Phone 207J

UNION NATIONAL MOUNT JOY BANK



J. E. Longenecker, Pres.
H. S. Newcomer, Vice Pres.
H. N. Nissly, Cashier
Carl S. Krall, Asst. Cashier

Capital \$125,000

Surplus and Profits
\$320,000.00

Deposits, \$1,472,000.00

Resources
\$2,105,000.00

WE SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE

THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS

J. E. Longenecker	H. S. Newcomer.	Rohrer Stoner
T. M. Breneman	Eli F. Grosh	J. W. Eshleman
Eli G. Reist	I. D. Stehman	Johnson B. Keller
Jno. B. Nissley	Clarence Schock	Dr. J. S. Kendig
	Phares R. Nissley	

WHAT IS THE MOST INTERESTING AGE?

When the child takes the first
step? Or starts to school?
Confirmation? Graduation?
To the mother they are all in-
teresting ages.
Mark each one with a photo-
graph, to keep for after years.

BISHOP STUDIO
Elizabethtown, Pa.

HUPPERS'
Chocolates

—and—

Bon Bons

22 E. Orange St., Lancaster, Pa.

**PURITAN
SHAKER KNIT
SWEATERS**

Special Prices to High School

ESHLEMAN BROS.

Get It At

BOOTH'S

The Store That Saves

You the Difference

W. H. DISHONG—TAILOR
Cleaning, Pressing and Repairing

48 High Street Elizabethtown, Pa.

H. H. KRALL
BUTCHER



Fresh & Smoked Meats
West Main St., Mount Joy, Pa.

COMPLIMENTS

—of—

H. E. GARBER

Mark Off Every 10th Day
on Your Calendar For a

HAIR CUT

Hershey's Barber Shop

Chas. J. Bennett

MEAT MARKET

E. Main St., Mt. Joy

CAPACITY 200 BBLs. DAILY

I. D. STEHMAN

Manufacturers of

FLOUR and FEED

Dealers In

Hay and Straw

MOUNT JOY, PENNA.

Martin's Sanitary
Dairy

The Home of

Martin's Ice Cream

"The Finest in the World"

Also Butter, Milk, Cream
and Groceries

DONEGAL ST., MT. JOY, PA.

ROY B. SHEETZ

FURNITURE DEALER

—and—

FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Mount Joy, Penna.

Courtesy is like an air
cussion; there may be nothing
to it but it eases the
jolts wonderfully.—Anon.

H. E. HAUER

—for—

Ready Made Ware

SHOES

Drygoods, Groceries, No-
tions, Floor Coverings,
Window Shades, Etc.

Mount Joy, Pa.

S. H. MILLER

Electrical Contractor

Electrical Goods of all Kinds

Photographic Supplies

Cameras, Films, Finishing
and Enlarging

MOUNT JOY, PENNA.

Ukeleles

\$1.95 and Up

Strings and Instruction Books



Don W. Gorrecht

GIFT SHOP

Harry Laskewitz

LADIES' and GENTS'

FURNISHINGS

SHOES and MILLINERY

E. Main Street Mount Joy

Bell Phone Open Evenings

Peacock Palace

The Up-to-Date Restaurant
in the Ideal Place

When you are up town
stop for

GAS and OIL

ATLANTIC, GULF AND
BETHOLINE GASOLINE

SANDWICHES, CANDY &
SOFT DRINKS

ENJOY RADIO MUSIC
WHILE YOU EAT

Harold Funk, Propr.

West End

Mount Joy

CLARENCE SCHOCK



Lumber

AND

COAL



MOUNT JOY, PENNA.

G. MOYER

HARDWARE
 IMPLEMENTS
 PIPES, CEMENT
 PLASTER
 PIPELESS FURNACES
 PLUMBING, ETC.

W. Donegal St., MOUNT JOY.

H. S. Newcomer & Son

Authorized

FORD

FORDSON

LINCOLN

Sale and Service

Mount Joy, Penna.

L. B. Herr & Son

Books, Stationery
 School Supplies
 Printing

46-48 W. King, Lancaster

H. B. Greenawalt

GROCERIES
 DRY GOODS
 NOTIONS

We Give S. & H. Green
 Trading Stamps

Bell Phone 43R3 Mount Joy

GEBERICH-PAYNE
SHOE COMPANY

GOODYEAR WELT
SHOES

BOYS—YOUTHS
 —AND—
 LITTLE GENTS

MOUNT JOY, PENNA.

Dr. W. D. Chandler

PRESCRIPTION
DRUGGIST

WEST MAIN STREET